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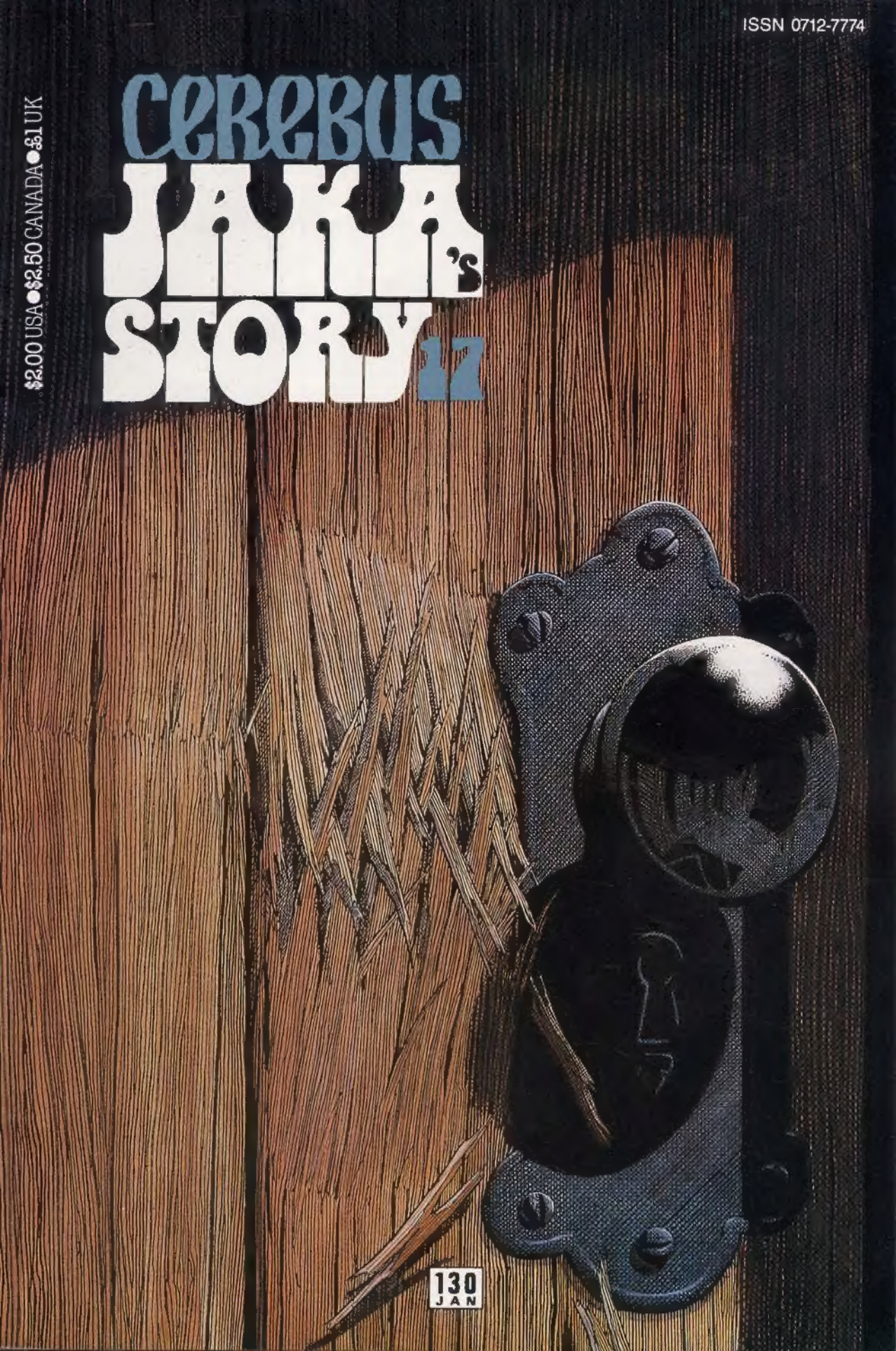
CEREBUS

JAKA'S STORY 17



130
JAN

NOTE • FROM • THE PRESIDENT

The more things
stay
the more they
change the
sane.

CEREBUS

NO. 130 JANUARY 1990

DAVE SIM
President

GERHARD
Vice-President

MONIQUE KAPTEIN
Administrative Assistant

JAKA'S STORY
a novel

•

PROLOGUE
(Cerebus 114)

•

POGROM'S PROGRESS
(Cerebus 115 to
Cerebus 119)

•

THE POET
(Cerebus 120 to
Cerebus 130)

•

MYSTERY
ACHIEVEMENT
(Cerebus 131 to
Cerebus 136)

•

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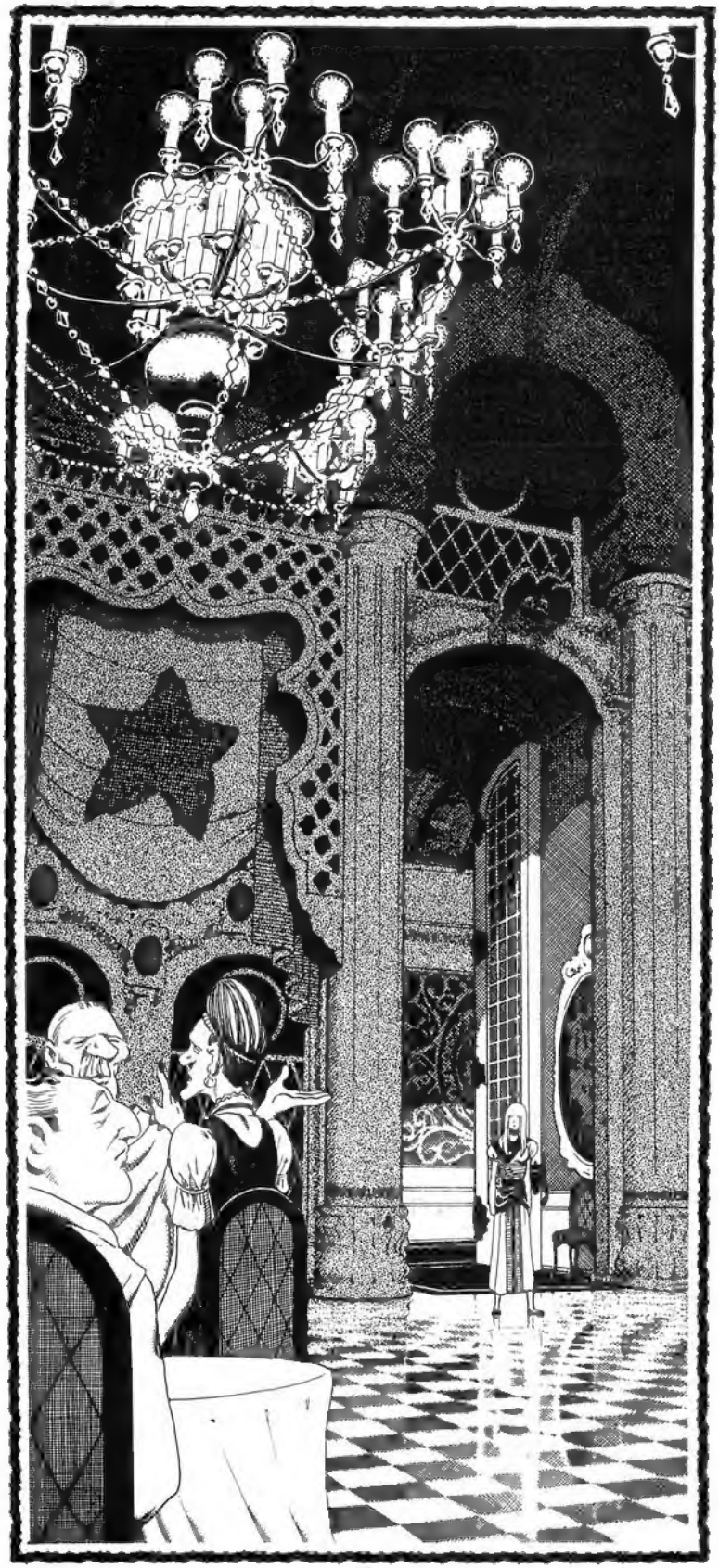
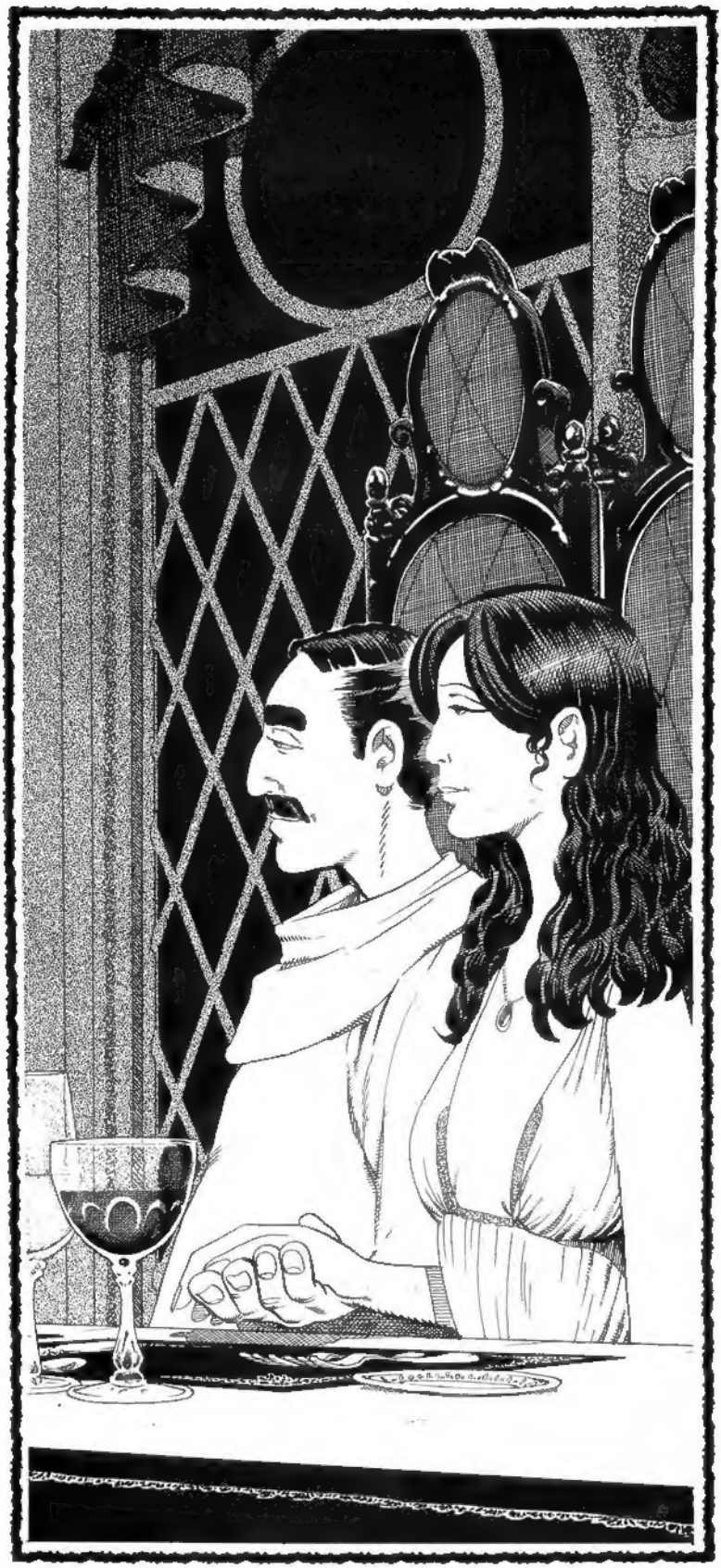


THE VERY NEXT evening, Jaka arrived in the Great Dining Hall attired (once more) in a new dress, enhanced by many *accessoires* of rare silk and embroidered with fine interwoven patterns of red and white T'campin gold thread. In the very latest Shen styles (and, it might be added, at a cost several years *ahead* of their time) her costumes were becoming idiosyncratic; her selections reflecting an awareness of those designs which flattered her tall, slender form; those rich hues which enhanced the pale colouration of her hair, skin and eyes. It was a mark of her success that, as she made her way to dinner, heads turned slowly to mark her progress and she could detect, frequently, a sharp intake of breath at her passing. So intent was she upon these attentions that she was several steps into the Hall before she noticed that the first dozen rows of tables had been removed and that a prodigious gap of bare, polished tile now loomed between the first row and the head table.

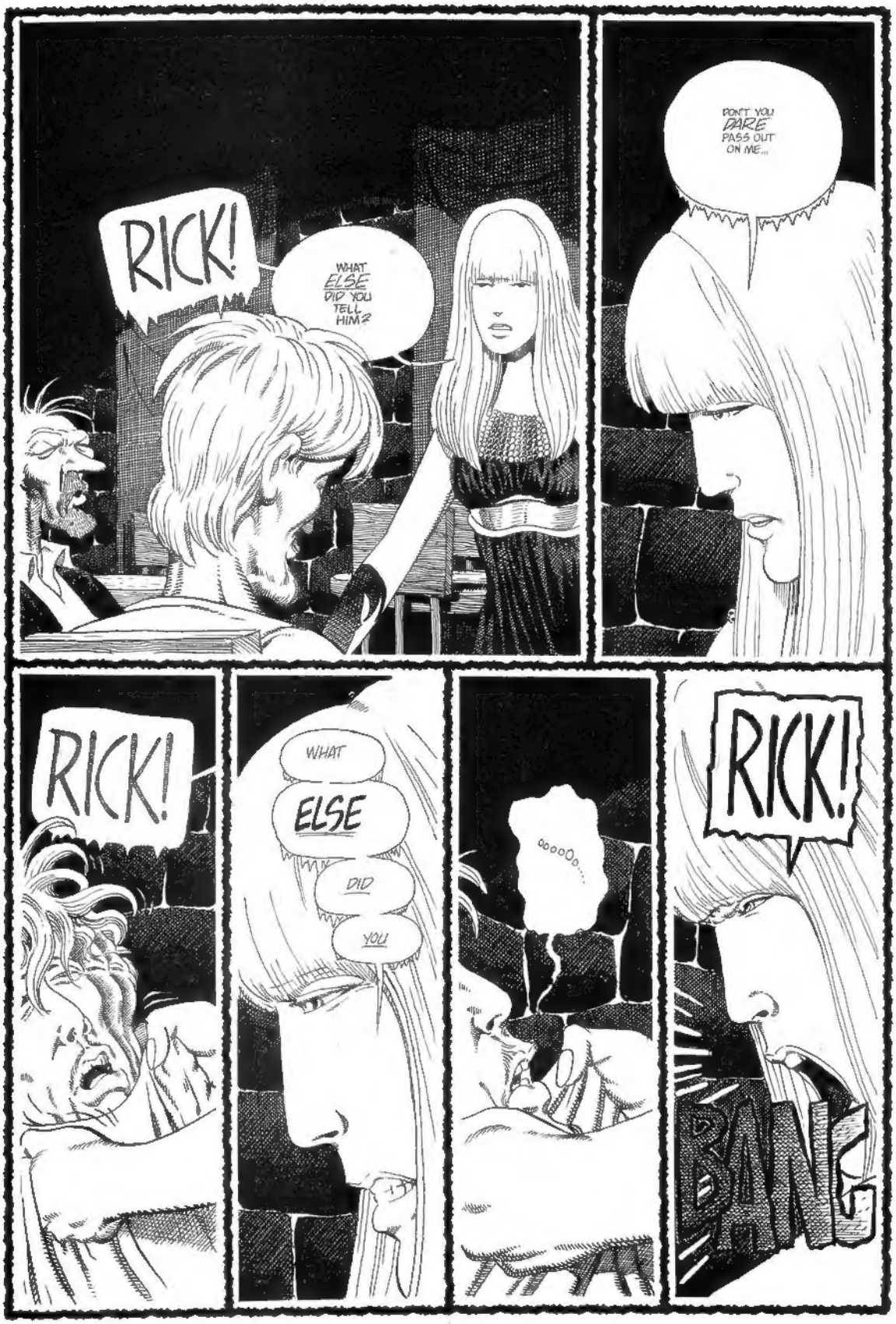
An usher was at her side almost immediately; his voice soothing, his light touch at her elbow guiding her gently to her designated place in the first rank. She sank slowly, obliviously, onto her chair, the babble of voices around her a cacophony from which only the occasional word or phrase could be extricated to impress itself upon her awareness. "Scandal", "outrage", "Palnu's undoing", "monstrous", "a Feldan conspiracy". More ominous still was the head table itself, so suddenly and dishearteningly distant and accomodating *two* place-settings only; their crystal and silver glistening before two throne-like chairs of equal height upon which sat Lord Julius and his seventeen-year-old bride.

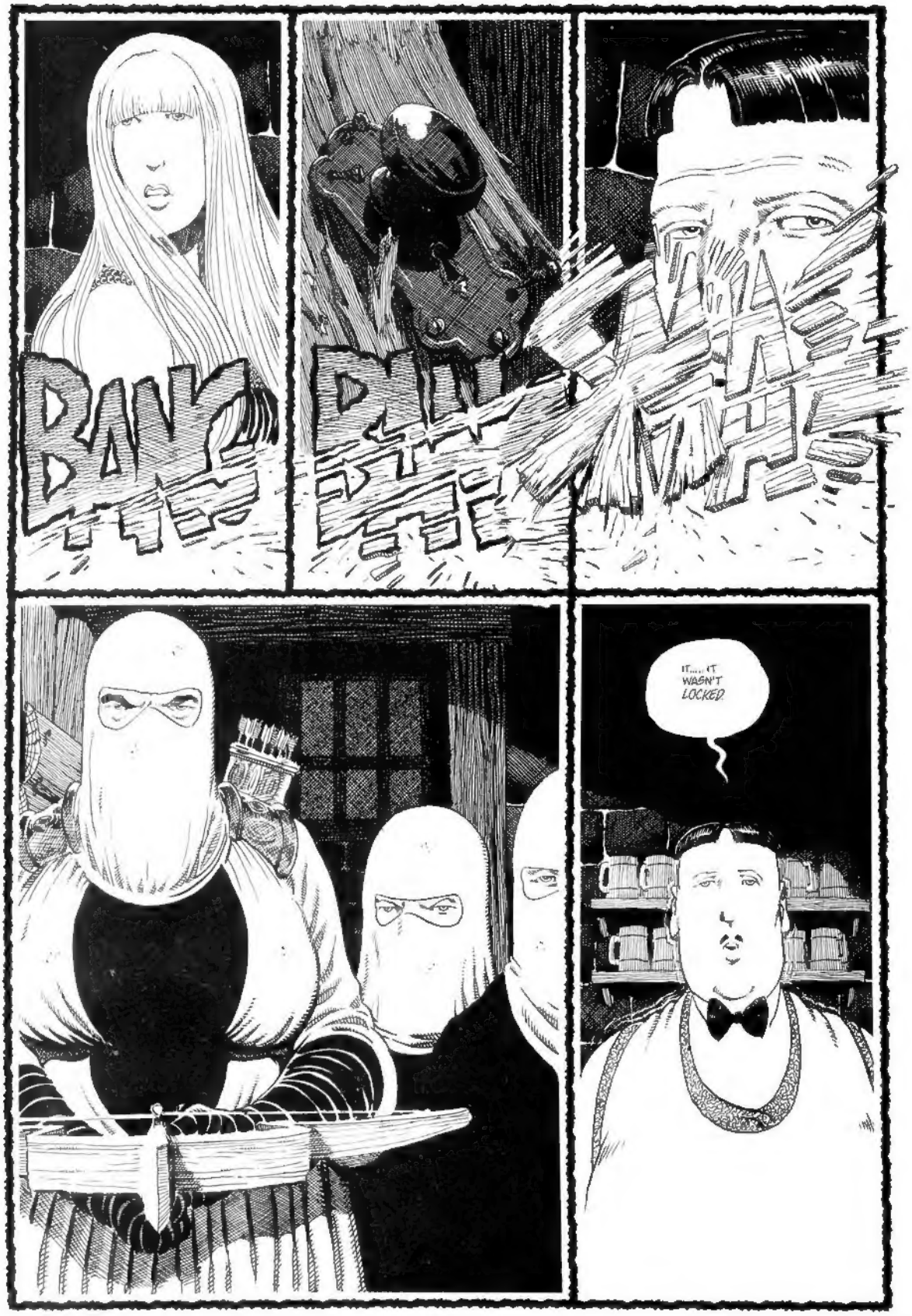


AS SHE GAZED at the nearly transparent, cream-coloured silk of Astoria's gown; as she regarded its tasteful simplicity so charmingly unencumbered; except by a single, pale, yellow topaz on a fine chain at her throat; Jaka felt herself sweltering beneath layer upon layer of gaudy trappings as if she were some tapestry salesman's dray horse lugging his merchandise from market-place to market-place.

All around the great room, scarves, hats, bracelets, earrings, necklaces, sashes, jackets, belts, pins, brooches, gloves; all were being removed discretely, bundled ignominiously and thrust out of sight, leaving the female population of the Tavers family clad in little but their envy and their ill-will.

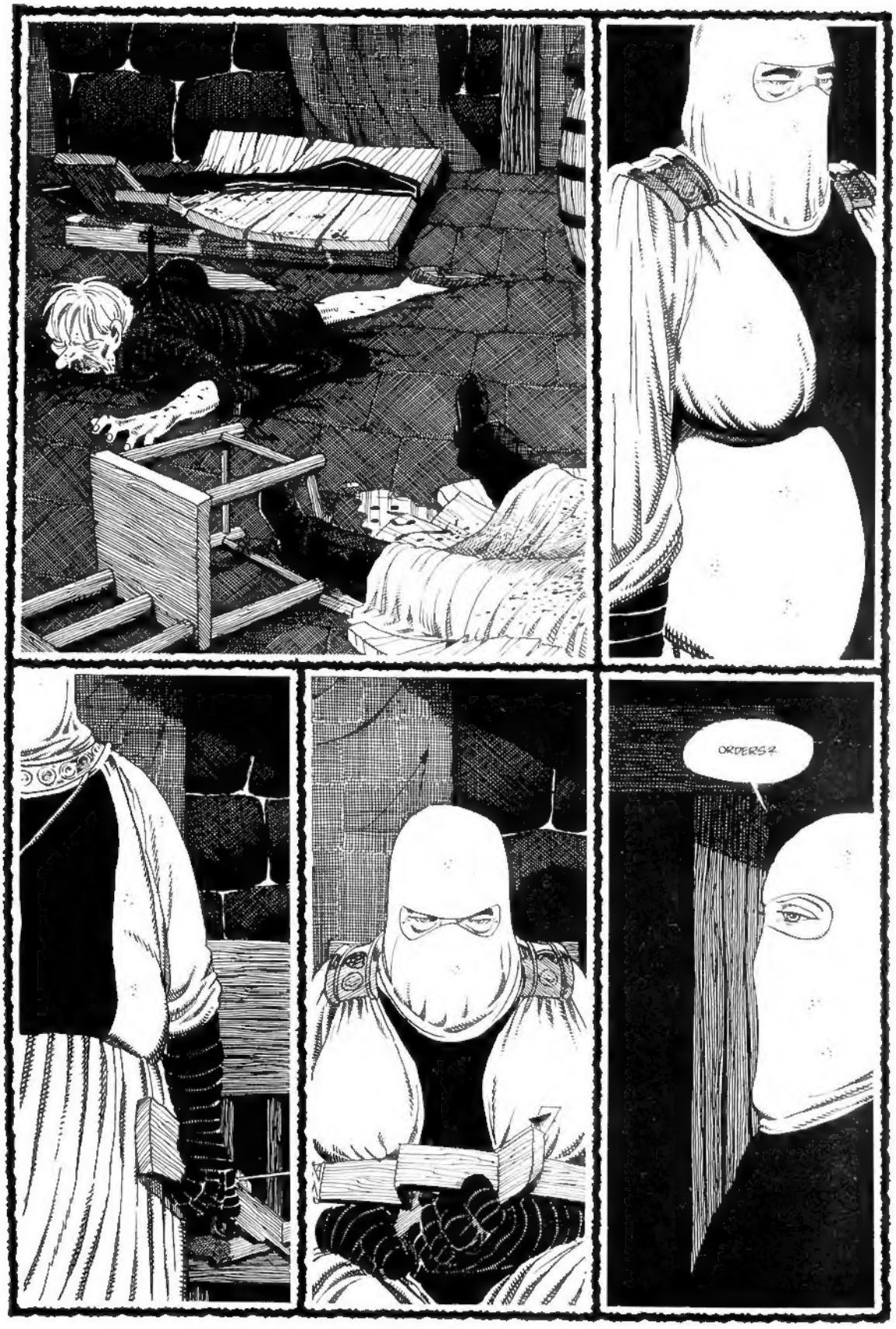
Astoria had, indeed, arrived.

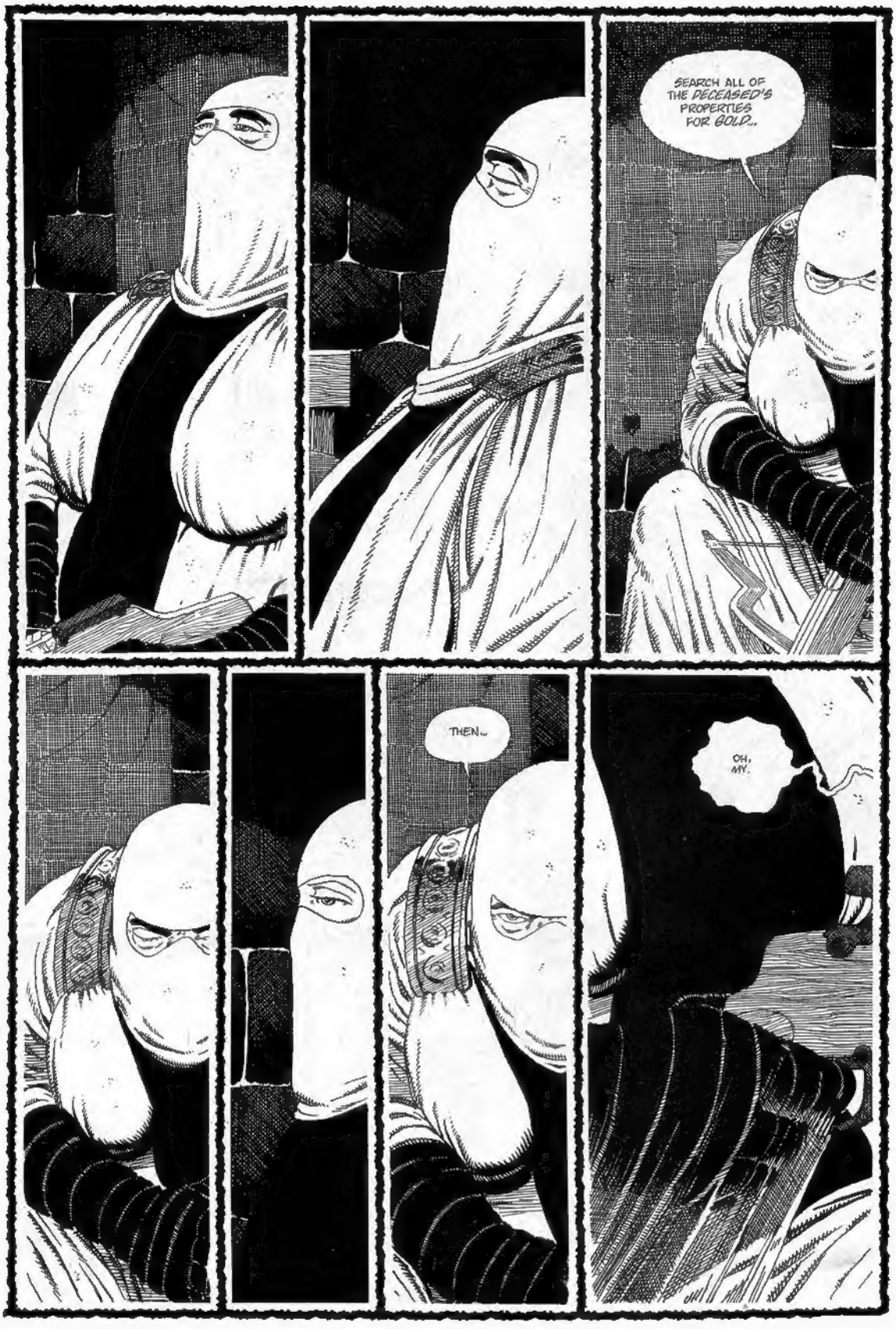

RICK!
WHAT ELSE DID YOU TELL HIM?
DON'T YOU DARE PASS OUT ON ME...
RICK!
WHAT
ELSE
DID
YOU
OOOOOO...
RICK!
BANG


BANG
BLAM
AHH
IT.... IT WASN'T LOCKED.

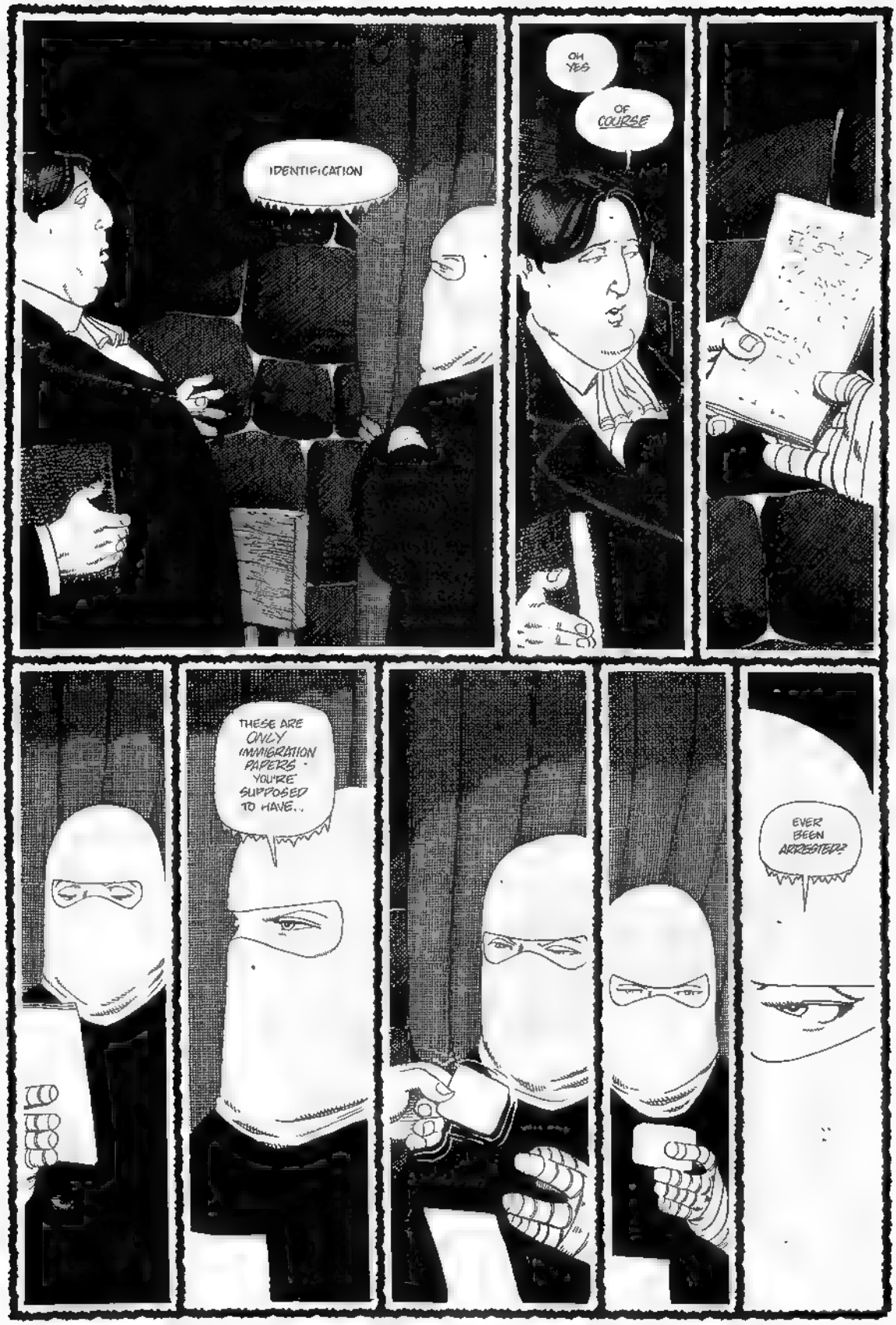
CIRINISTS.
THIS IS YORE PLACE PUD.
NOT THEIRS.
C'MON.
C'MON YA STINKIN' CUNT.
YOU TAKE THE LITTLE ONES, PUD
THE BIG UN'S MINE...

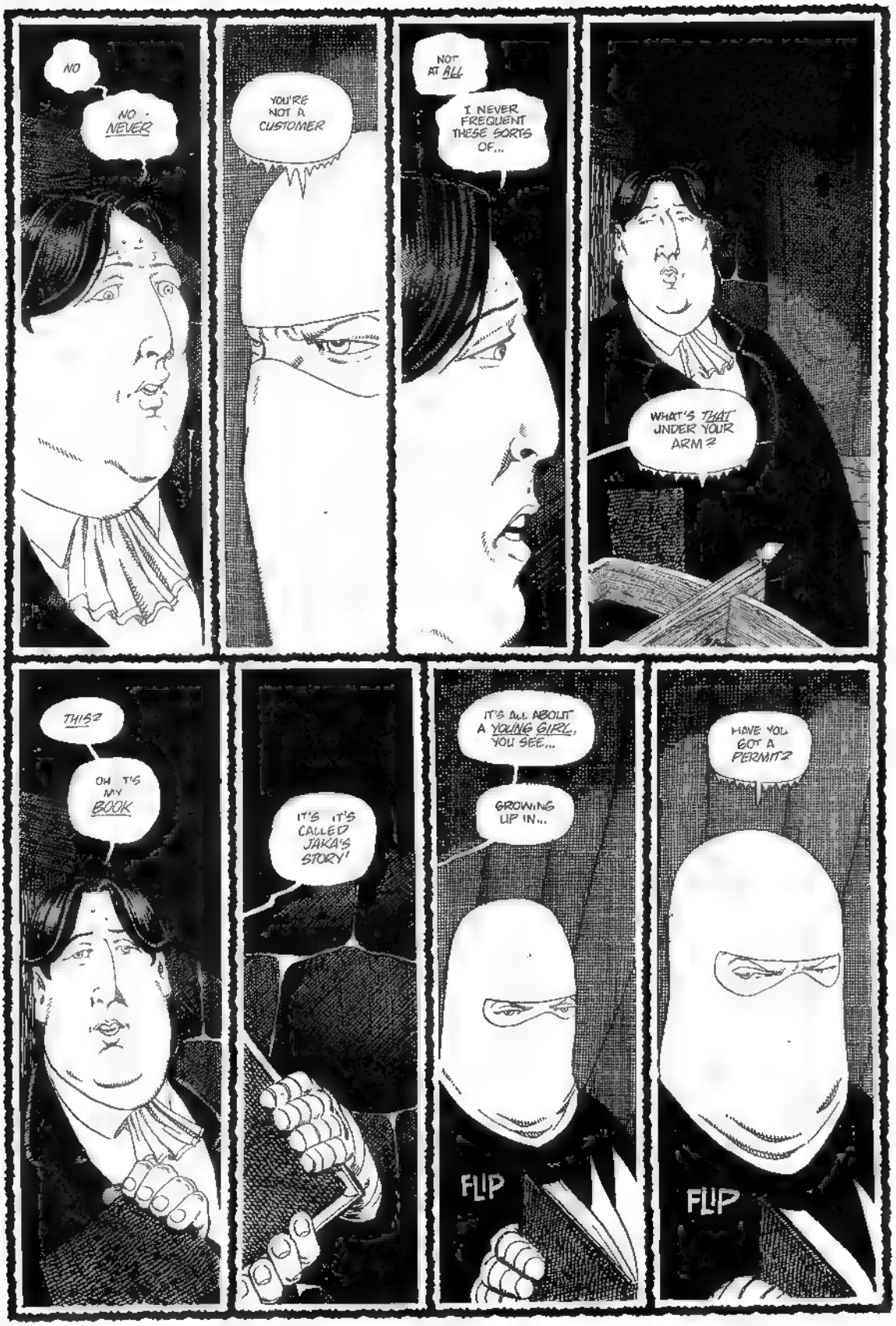
"QUESTIONING."
AGREED.
YOU WILL ACCOMPANY THE OFFICER.
BOTH OF YOU.
RICK.
RICK. COME ON. WE HAVE TO GO.
MM?
WHERE WE GOIN'?
SHHHH.... IT'S OKAY. IT'S OKAY.
I DON' FEEL SO ...GOOD
THE WAGON.
THERE.
I-- I UNDERSTAND
THANK YOU...
COME ON SWEETIE. ONE MORE STEP.

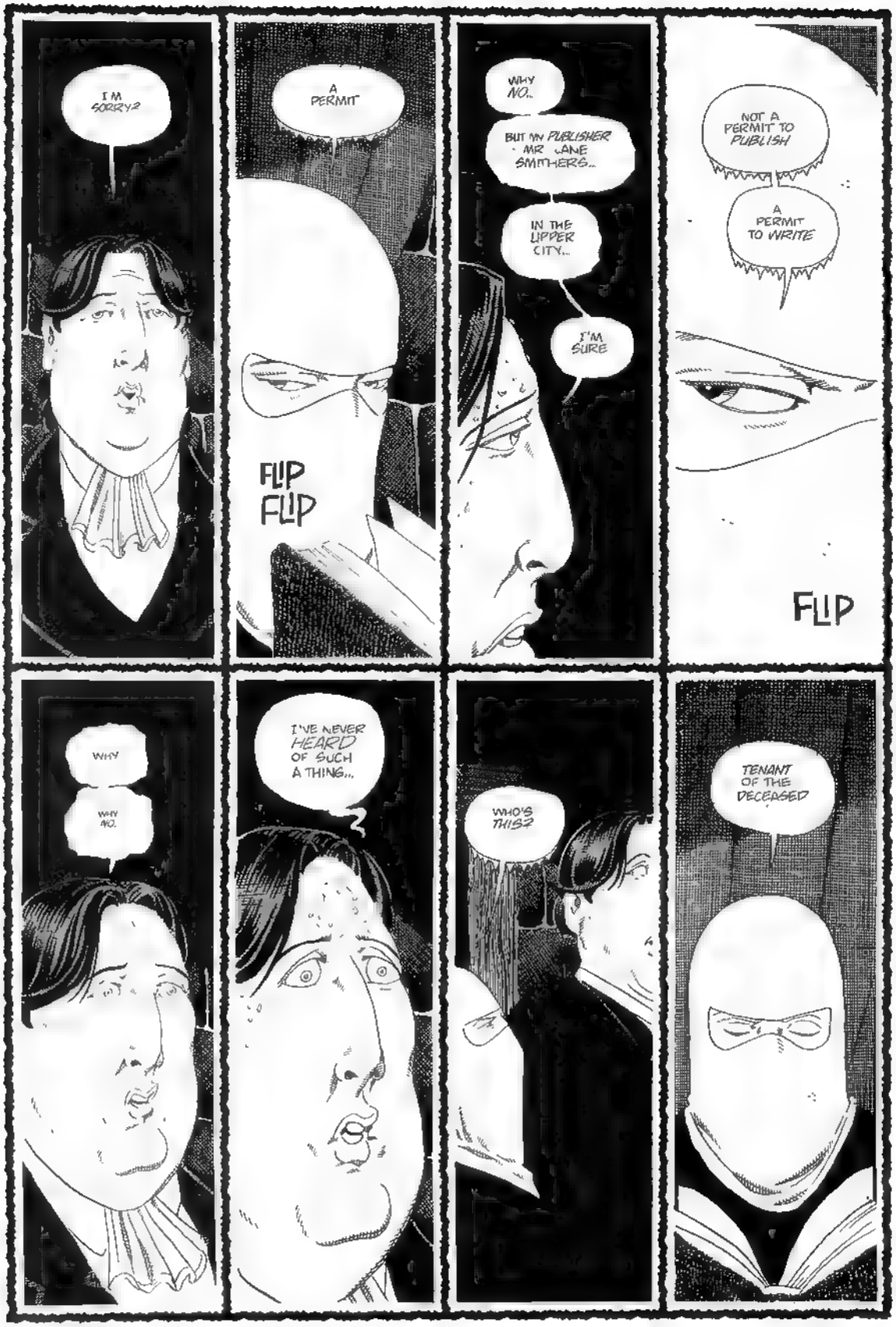

ORDERS?

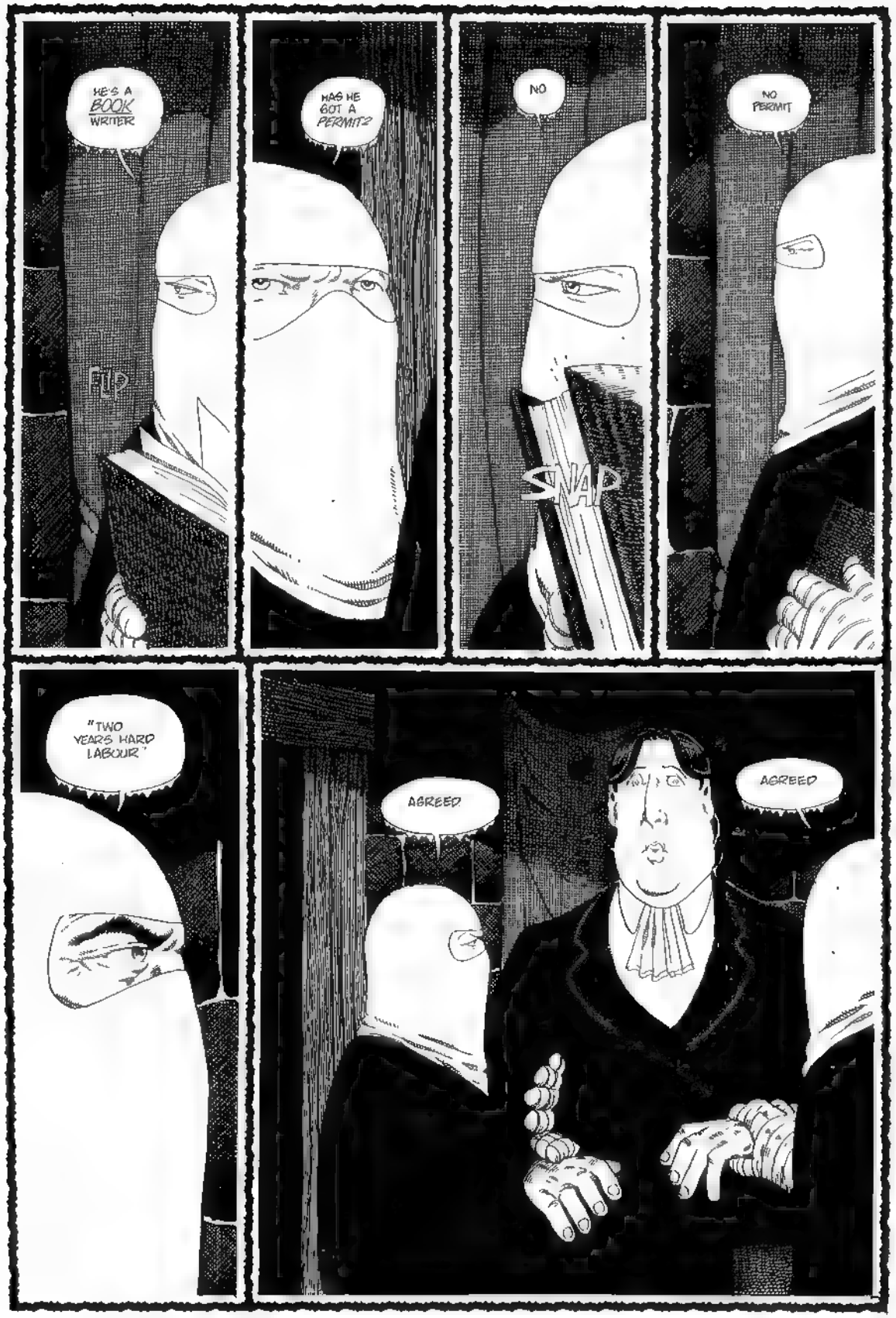

SEARCH ALL OF THE DECEASED'S PROPERTIES FOR GOLD..
THEN...
OH, MY.

CUSTOMER?
I?
NO NO... I RENT ONE OF THE HOUSES FROM
THAT IS TO SAY
I RENTED ONE OF THE HOUSES FROM THAT MAN THERE
HIS MOTHER YOU SEE...
A DEAR, WONDERFUL WOMAN...
SHE GAVE ME A NINETY YEAR LEASE
JUST BEFORE SHE...
SHE


IDENTIFICATION
OH YES
OF COURSE
THESE ARE ONLY IMMIGRATION PAPERS · YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO HAVE..
EVER BEEN ARRESTED?


NO
NO - NEVER
YOU'RE NOT A CUSTOMER
NOT AT ALL
I NEVER FREQUENT THESE SORTS OF...
WHAT'S THAT UNDER YOUR ARM?
THIS?
OH, IT'S MY BOOK
IT'S, IT'S CALLED JAKA'S STORY!
IT'S ALL ABOUT A YOUNG GIRL, YOU SEE...
GROWING UP IN...
FLIP
HAVE YOU GOT A PERMIT?
FLIP


I'M SORRY?
A PERMIT
FLIP FLIP
WHY NO..
BUT MY PUBLISHER MR JANE SMITHERS..
IN THE UPPER CITY...
I'M SURE
NOT A PERMIT TO PUBLISH
A PERMIT TO WRITE
FLIP
WHY
WHY NO.
I'VE NEVER HEARD OF SUCH A THING...
WHO'S THIS?
TENANT OF THE DECEASED


HE'S A BOOK WRITER
FLIP
HAS HE GOT A PERMIT?
NO
SNAP
NO PERMIT
"TWO YEARS HARD LABOUR"
AGREED
AGREED

"NO ARTISTIC LICENSE"
NO!
NO.. PLEASE
I DIDN'T KNOW..
I DIDN'T KNOW..

AARDVARK COMMENT

P.O. BOX 1674, STATION 'C', KITCHENER, ONTARIO N2G 4R2

Gooday Misters Dave 'n' Ger!

You know, I've been reading Cerebus since I was twelve and it still is my favourite publication but I seemed to have missed several issues. I'd appreciate if ya could tell me how much moolah it would take me to get reprints of these, if they're still available. Please, please?

So on 'n' so forth.

Why haven't any women out there written in about this whole masturbation thing, dammit?! This is Cassandra's or Tracy's job. Or are they too good for that sort of thing? Bitches from hell, they are, for not doing so already

By the way, can ya get Cerebus to say 'yes indeedy'? Please, please? Ok, Cassandra, if I get a petition maybe we can make him. Then maybe you can write something on female wanking. Yeah, uh-huh.

I'm looking at my Felix the Cat coffee mug 'n' wondering if sleepin' with my girlfriend would be worth the risk of gettin' her pregnant. What do you think?

Does Cassandra belong to a coven? Does anybody 'cept me care? Is there anyone out there who doesn't want to sleep with her? Does anybody out there care? Are you listening to me?! Damnit!

What does Pink Floyd's 'Paint Box' mean? Or 'Grantchester Meadows'? How does Arnold Layne collect moonshine? Why?

And why did you stop puttin' pics on the back o' your books? Pressure from readers? Shame, shame. Oscar Wilde is OK, though

"Julia dread. Dream that Queen. Queen of all my dreams."

I'm not being very loyal to my girlfriend, am I? She's been gone a week 'n' won't be back for a week. When she's not around I don't feel as intensely 'n' that pisses me off for some reason. I miss her, Dave, though I shouldn't. She's awful and we both know it but I can't let go of her.

And no, I don't think it would be impolite to say things like clitoral spasm or "do the clam!" on a letters page. Just in case anybody wanted my opinion.

D'ya think I'm a bad person, Dave? Y'know Oscar Wilde said "It is absurd to divide people into good and bad. People are either charming or tedious."

Why am I quoting? Perhaps I have not the talent to say things myself. And Cassandra, why must she be so pessimistic about her role in the universe (iss. 123). I believe she is a very thought-provoking writer. Etc, etc. Bullshit, bullshit. And no, Debbie Gibson isn't necessary, she's just a little psychobitch who can't . . . never mind. I don't know. But she isn't necessary.

"You're the kind of girl that fits in with my world. I'll give you anything, anything you want thing."

I'm quoting again.

But it's not Pink Floyd

Why do people call them "THE Pink Floyd"? It's like THE Batman

They used to be called the The Screaming Blue Messiahs. For those of you who didn't know.

Tell me Dave, is there more to life than Cerebus, Pink Floyd, and masturbating while looking at fuzzy pictures of girls you hardly know? There's always reading Tolkien underwater, I guess. And quoting Oscar Wilde, but not much else

"Life is what happens to you while you're busy making other plans." At least so sayeth John Lennon

Actually, Cerebus represents art and literature, Pink Floyd represents music, and jacking off represents relationships. For those of you who missed my point

I miss my girlfriend, Dave. She has an exquisite ass. Actually, she does mean more to me than that. I've known her 3-1/2 years and we're best friends but neither one of us has any idea why. Y'know, the first time I met her was the first time I got introduced to Cerebus . . . weird, weird. Weird, huh? Yeah, yeah, shut up.

The UH UH drawing is in issue 119, I think, I'll check. Yep, the pages are still stuck together.

What was God thinking when he gave us pubic hair?

News Flash: The key to Galactic submission is clams in chocolate sauce.

Do the clam! Yow!

How many people do you think, Dave, use the pictures in your books, as Bernie Mojze put it, ". . . images of another to dominate or submit to"? I would think grey aardvarks wouldn't really get the gals up, but what about those revealing pics of Jaka in 124? And the Hippie from Hell in 112/113? Not that it was revealing . . . I don't know, graveyards turn me on.

What do I mean by Galactic submission? Why, getting the universe to go down on you, what did you think?

If something I write sounds like sexual innuendo, it probably has to do with robins. (No, I'm not into robins. Ask my girlfriend what it means.)

Christ, the Beach Boys are spouting some bullshit about reindeer. Fuck them, where's my ITOD? Led Zeppelin, that is. Lord I'm sick of Jethro Tull. Where the hell's my ITOD? All I can find is Minstrel in the Gallery and my Pink Floyd shit. D'ya like music or do you have a better sex life with Burmese waitresses? Burma sucks; Thailand's the only decent country in Southeast Asia

Ah, well

Yours posthumously,

Mark the That Boxing Necromancer
7746 E. 87th St. S.
Tulsa, Oklahoma
USA 74133

P.S. I just took my Felix the Cat mug out of the dishwasher n' his eyes were melted off. Goddammit, Dave, why do bad things happen to good cats? I just don't understand . . if there is a God how can he let things like this happen. How can he let dictators take over a country, screw its people, and then have his "Dignity Battalion" castrate and decapitate all dissenters. And why do our people have to die while getting rid of him (at least trying to). Why do women want so much from men, and then give back so little? Why? Why?

P.P.S. We do it to ourselves. God gave us the choice between right and wrong, then we blame Him when anything goes wrong. We curse him and worship false roots and lie and cheat and read comic books about dwarves in decadent fur costumes and wonder why the world's going to pot. It just isn't fair to a God who loves us so.

P.P.P.S. Ah, well. Life isn't fair, so why should it be for God? Phantasmagoria! Phantasmagoria! Shoo-Ba!

Shoo-Ba! I think that says it all, don't you? You're all welcome to my esbat!

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave,
I'd been intending to write for a long time, but your offer of a personal reply gave me just enough selfish personal motivation to get myself in gear and do it.

First. I'm not sure I'll buy your pure-money-making reprint books (cash-flow problems are the biggest block). But I know I'd do some serious fund raising if you had some original art for sale. What do you have currently available, if anything? Are covers available? Should I send you my requests. And at what cost, man – at what cost?

Next. I've got a couple Single Page ideas, and I'm sorry I haven't gotten 'em to ya yet. One will probably be done with Matt Feazell. I did a Zot 10-1/2 script for Matt, which should be out soon, Scott McCloud willing. Hope ya like it if you read it.

I broke off a relationship at the same time you and Zee broke up. It wasn't that things were terrible, we just couldn't collectively get things to progress any farther. Since then I've learned that some things *were* terrible between us, we just never dealt with 'em. And I'm finally letting it sink in that before you can really love somebody else, you've gotta love yourself. I guess this is a roundabout way of letting you know that, somehow I was feeling for you and with you this past summer.

Dave, your work (and Gerhard's) is absolutely first-rate right now. I've been with you since #1, and only during parts of High Society can I remember looking forward to each issue so much.

Thanks for a great comic. Thanks for answering this letter! I hope you have the best of holidays. Take care, stay warm, be great!

Your friend,

Keith Tuxhorn
400 Cedarview
Carbondale, IL
USA 62901

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave & Gerhard,

So Pud finally works up the courage to make his move, only to be interrupted - and isn't that always the way in real life too? How long before he summons the courage to try again? Or will Jaka take the initiative and ask him to explain his "changes"? Her expression as Pud greets the war veteran seems both bemused and wary, as if something new has entered their relationship. It seems that the incident where Jaka got drunk, threw up over Pud and then felt the need to apologise prompted Pud's leap in confidence.

As Pud emerges from his passive state, paralleling Jaka's taking of the dominant role over her nurse, will she now also begin to direct the actions and events around her? The entrance of the veteran is the catalyst for her 'kick-ass' attitude. The ensuing dance (sadly hidden from our eyes) is a way of relieving the tension which has built up inside her since Pud's advance, and which has also been building up since Cerebus re-entered her life. This event may turn out to be the one which gives her back her self-control or it may signal the opposite – her submission to Pud.

Now that Julius has reappeared, will Cerebus become more than a mere presence?

Cerebus has spent his life thinking he was in control, only to have it rudely pointed out to him that this was not at all the case. So far in "Jaka's Story" Cerebus has deliberately not tried to take control of his environment, preferring to adopt the role of an observer, almost voyeuristically, at whatever cost to himself. It remains to be seen how long he will wait to make a move similar to Pud's.

Meanwhile, both the verbal and visual elements of the storytelling remain at a consistently high level. The changes in pace and style that you've introduced in this novel, especially the lengthier prose pieces and accompanying illustrations, seem to portray the timelessness of both memory and of the current events.

Take care,

Malcolm Bourne
2 & 4 Bye Road
Shuttleworth, Ramsbottom
Bury
Lancashire BLO OHH
England

Nigel Fletcher
53 Seymour Court
Eversley Park Road
Winchmore Hill
London N21 1JQ
England

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave,

Fantastic Simply Fantastic. You manage to write with an aureate elegance otherwise nonexistent in comics. I don't want this turning into a gushing letter of praise but tilted hat to JAKA'S STORY. Simply fantastic.

Somehow you captured the sheer essence of what it means to be an artist and have distributed those characteristics in your characters. To me, reading CEREBUS is like listening to Morrissey sing. I *identify*, although I can't exactly say I totally identify with your current portrayal of Mr. Withers but I thought I could see reflections of me in him early in the novel. I feel as if most comic book writers should just crawl away and die because they create such mindless commercial crap. You, however, and the independent creators all around are vitally important to comics. Standing in a comic book shop depresses me; seeing 30 year old men getting off on childish superhero comics depresses me. Most writers in comics have the education of a cow. This problem seem to plague Marvel and DC (I'm sorry Grant Morrisson is caught in DC's creative leeching whirlpool). You and creators in your league are all that's left in comics which means anything. Everybody else would die if their life line to their editor was severed. If it wasn't for CEREBUS, TABOO, and the various independent creators, comics might as well not exist.

I love you more than Alan Moore and that is saying something. Have you ever considered moving into pictureless prose?

Is there supposed to be a connection between the Smiths '. . . Oscillate Wildly' and Oscar Wilde? Just wondering.

Jeff Stoneking
302 3rd Ave. NE Apt. 201
Waseca, MN
USA 56093

★★★★★★★★★★

Hey Dave,

It's my birthday today (no shit). I'm nineteen years old. So what (you're saying), has that got to do with the price of fish? Well, I'm sitting here reviewing my entire life, and you know what the vital missing ingredient is? Yup, sex. I'm nineteen years old and I've never had a meaningful (read carnal) relationship with a woman.

Now I have two schools of thought on the subject:

1. This is my consoling viewpoint. It goes like this: You're not a wimpy D-head who couldn't pick up a girl if she was made of sponge. You're just saving yourself for the right woman. You're a product of the AIDS generation, a man of the Eighties. You consider the consequences of casual sex, not letting

your glands rule supreme.

2. Bollocks to that! You're still a virgin because girls don't come near you. And if one did get drunk enough to come on to you, you'd be in there quicker than a flash (but with more staying power).

So there you go, now Dave I don't want you to think I'm neurotic about the subject. I'm not. No way. I hardly think about it. Ever. I mean what's the fuss all about? It's only exchanging bodily fluids.

Of course I'm an excellent driver.

Guess what Dave, go on guess. Yup, that's right I live about 3 miles from Malcolm Bourne! Yes *the* Malcolm Bourne, wow what a truly staggering thought. Just think, I must shop at all the same comic stores as him (Hi to all the gang at Odyssey 7). I wonder why I've never met the guy? Perhaps he's a concept, a way of thinking, not a person at all. It doesn't really matter anyway he puts Manchester on the map, and that's what counts. Malcolm Bourne you're my hero.

Remember Dave, wanking is the Devil's favourite pastime

Yours in awe,

Nick Gibbons
68 Glenbrook Road
Blackley, Manchester
M9 3PN

P.S. I eagerly await your reply (you really let yourself in for it this time, didn't you).

★★★★★★★★★★

Dave,

This Robert E. Smith character . . . First of all, anybody fucked up enough to get his or her information on the media from a program like the 700 Club doesn't deserve to read anything. Although I do feel sorry for his kid.

Second of all, the fact that you're being compared to Hugh Hefner and Larry Flynt (who hide behind that God-awful First Amendment, no less) is pretty interesting. Has this guy seen an issue of Cerebus that *we* haven't? What's the deal?

We can run, Dave, but we can't hide.

Mike Canich
P.O. Box 31
Romeo, MI
USA 48065

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave,

Ever tried reading CEREBUS upside down while chopping onions? It makes those sad scenes all the more teary. Sniff, sniff. I'm sorry, I need a tissue . . .

Mahalo,

Mark Lucas
1100 Granville #2
Los Angeles, CA
USA 90049

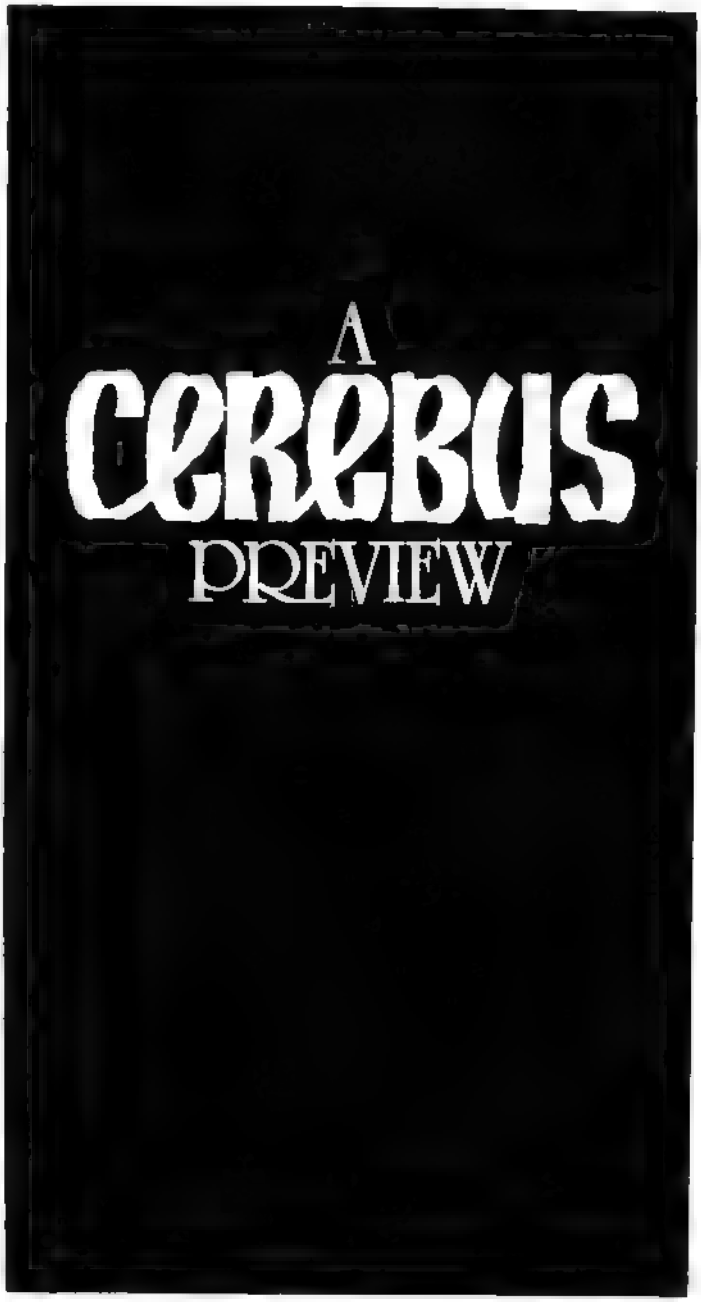
★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave,
Well, It's me the reporter at large. And I bet you're wondering how a world-class adventurer like myself ushered in the new decade. Well, I'll tell you. I spent it rotting away in a Nigerian prison cell. The whole Belgium thing was a trap set for me by Nazi agnostics. I tried to fight them off, but one of them hit me over the head with a tire iron. My pith helmet protected me from the worst of it, however, but I was knocked unconscious. When I awoke, I was alone in this dank, dark cell. I made my one phone call to my desk at the Washington Herald, where my secretary put me on hold for three hours than returned only to claim that she had never heard of me. I can write all the letters I want but I fear that my captors edit them mercilessly.
Anyway, with all this time on my hands, I have really pieced together a lot of my groundbreaking story. Let me tell you my theory so far:
In 1972, Thomas Pynchon and the Ayatollah Khomeni (both are comic book fans, a fact known only to an elite few) met at a bar in Istanbul where [redacted]

[redacted] a fact which explains the Easter Island statues and Stonehenge simultaneously, not to mention giving proof that the Loch Ness monster exists as well.
Well, the latest issue of Cerebus has just winged it's way up to my cell. It's an inspiration, Dave. I'm going to break out of here soon. I've lost too much valuable time already.
Stay tuned.
Fnord
The Reporter at Large (#50137)
Cell Block A
Somewhere in Nigeria
P.S. Cassandra? Love and kisses: keep those letters coming! Oh, Dave, the issue was great (as usual!)

★★★★★★★★★★

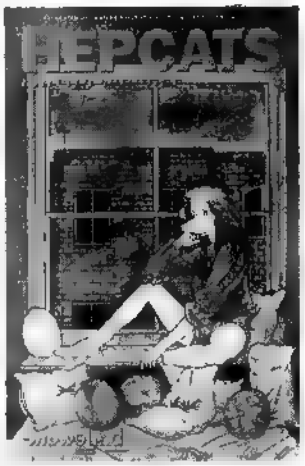
Well, the idea of answering the fan mail worked out not too badly. A couple of days I got eight to ten letters but the rest of the time the usual two or three trickled in. It 'worked out' because most of the letters *read* as if they were addressed to a person instead of a letter column, several even noting that although I've said time and again that I read all the mail it was nice to know that this time it was 'for sure'. That's crazy, people. Look at it this way. If someone handed *you* three letters in the morning and told you they were for you, what would *you* do? I mean you even open your junk mail and your bills when they come in, don't you? I mean it ain't Christmas, but it *is* something with your name on it that *you* get to open, right? Not that it isn't a mistake sometimes. Like the guy who wanted to know if we can go bi-weekly until we get caught up on the cover dates (right. We'll just start every morning with a big bowl of Sugar Frosted Amphetamines and farm fresh milk. Like, putting one out every *three* weeks . . . you're welcome . . . is just our idea of a vacation). A lot of the letters got pretty whiny about my not answering letters on the letters page and no, I will not reconsider. The effect of a printed answer to a printed letter is to make it appear that the answer was a devastating rejoinder or, at least, the last word on the subject. A lot of people (you know who you are) have decided not to write a letter of comment for the very reason that they were afraid of being humiliated in front of twenty-five thousand people. It's tough to get honest feed-back on your work when people are afraid to write to you. Besides I think you all do a pretty good job of holding everyone's attention by your *own* selves. I now feel free to print letters I rejected before because I had nothing to say in answer to them besides 'Gee. That's nice. Thank-you.' or 'I didn't know that. Huh!' I enjoy putting the letters page together now, proof-reading it over and over. I guess because its more like eavesdropping now instead of facing an audience with two line-ups in front of two open microphones. Virgins, wankers, broken hearts, damned intellectuals, smart-ass kids, feebs, dweebs, snots, bitches – give you a few paragraphs of elbow room and most of you prove you've got something to say. Having raved on here in my Barry Bold-face persona, I'll just mention that I will answer any letter with a question in it, if I'm going to use it here in Aardvark Comment, but only in a personal letter to the questioner. So if you want the answer, you'll have to write to *them*. Heh heh heh.



Martin Wagner says he will send an autographed copy of HEPCATS to anyone who sends him three dollars. As he says, this is a really lousy time to be self-publishing so it would be nice if some of us could help himto hang on. He's just started a twenty-issue story-line and he wants to stick with it for a long time to come. Please help him out so we all have something to read, okay? Okay. The address is Double Diamond Press 7117 Wood Hollow # 1728, Austin Texas 78731. Remember three bucks (or how about six? Get one for your Mom, too) for an autographed sample issue.

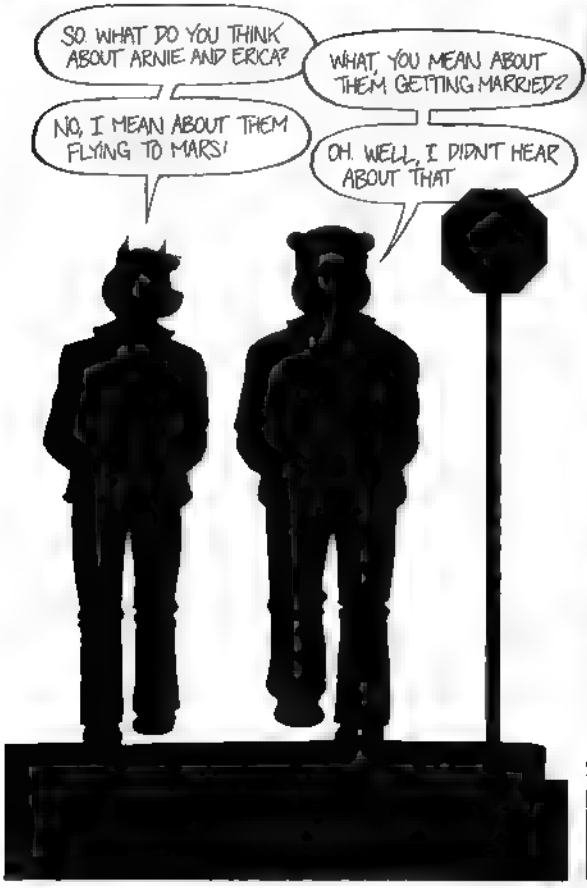
HEPCATS

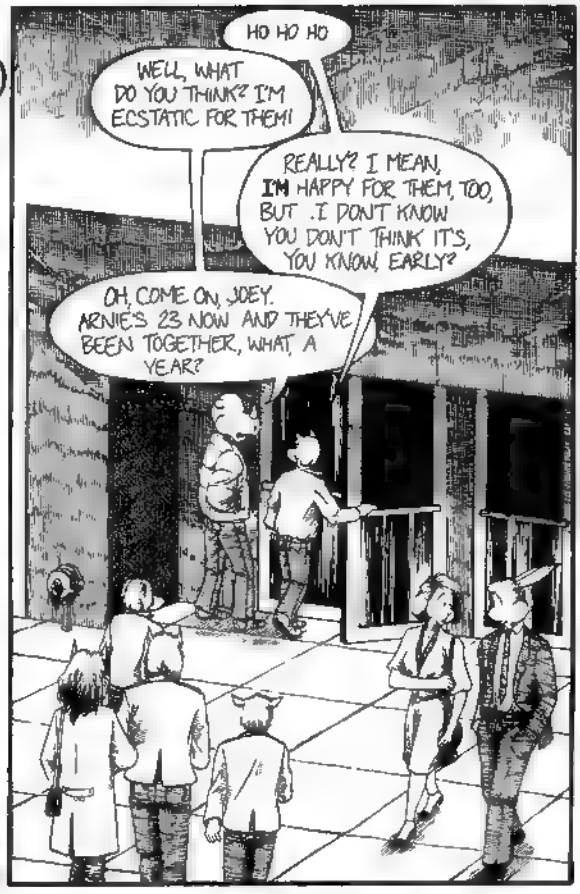
Last summer, I dove nosefirst into the direct-sales self-publishing circus with a new series entitled **HEPCATS**. The following pages excerpt some art from the four issues that have appeared so far. The strip began as a daily humor strip in my college paper; after I fled school, I decided to adapt the series to comicbook format as I was artistically frustrated with the daily strip—and besides, I wanted a cartooning career. In spite of the funny animal motif, the stories are largely slice of life, taken mainly from my own experiences. The series seems to have a gotten a following. So have a look; you might just like what you see. I want to thank Dave, again, for giving me this incredible opportunity to perform before a big crowd, as it were. People tell me I've got a pretty neat book here. I do my best. Hope you all enjoy it, and think it's worth checking out!

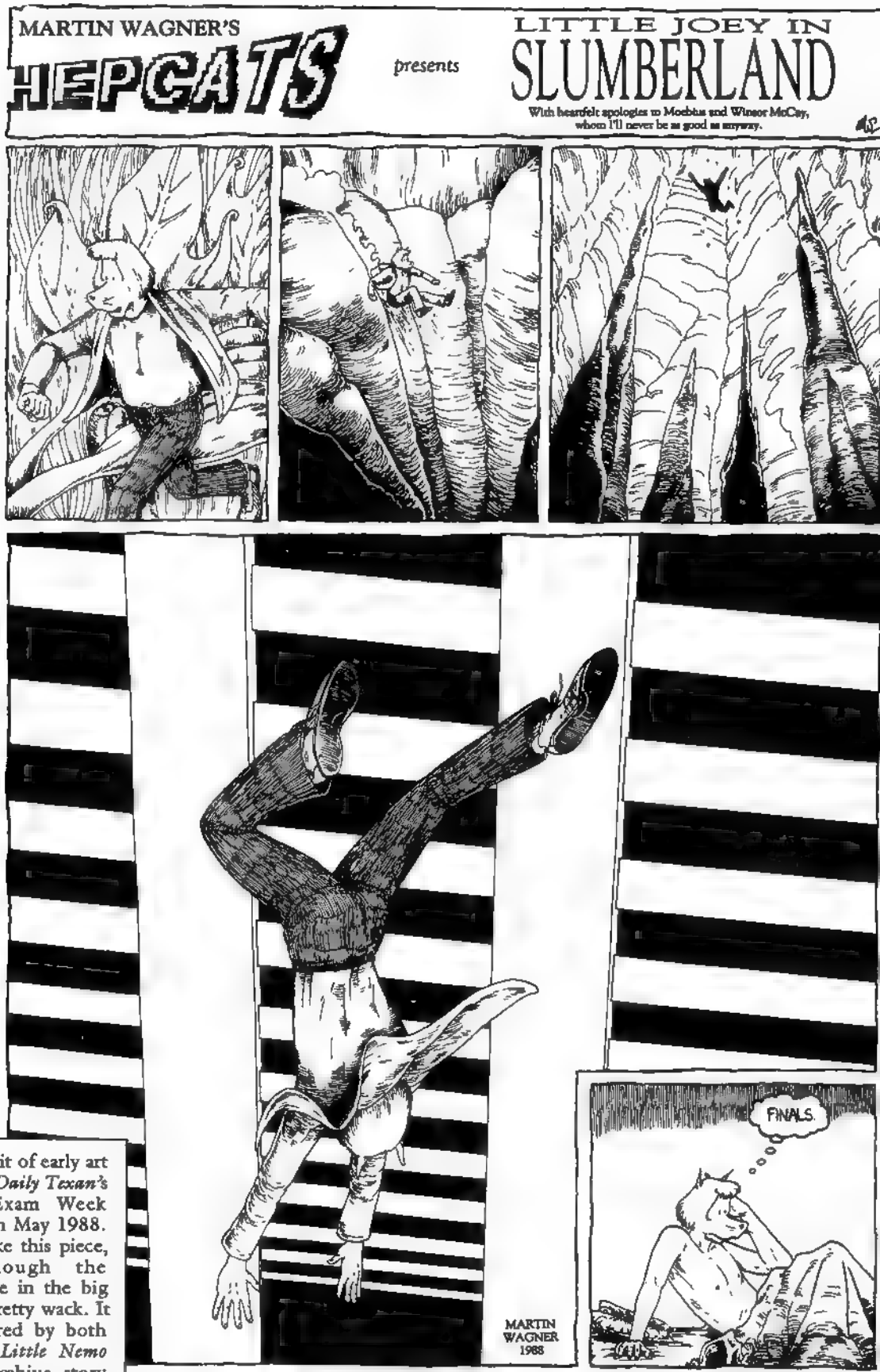


—Martin Wagner

Hepcats 3 began *Snowblind*, an 18-issue graphic novel about Erica. These pages are from issue 4.

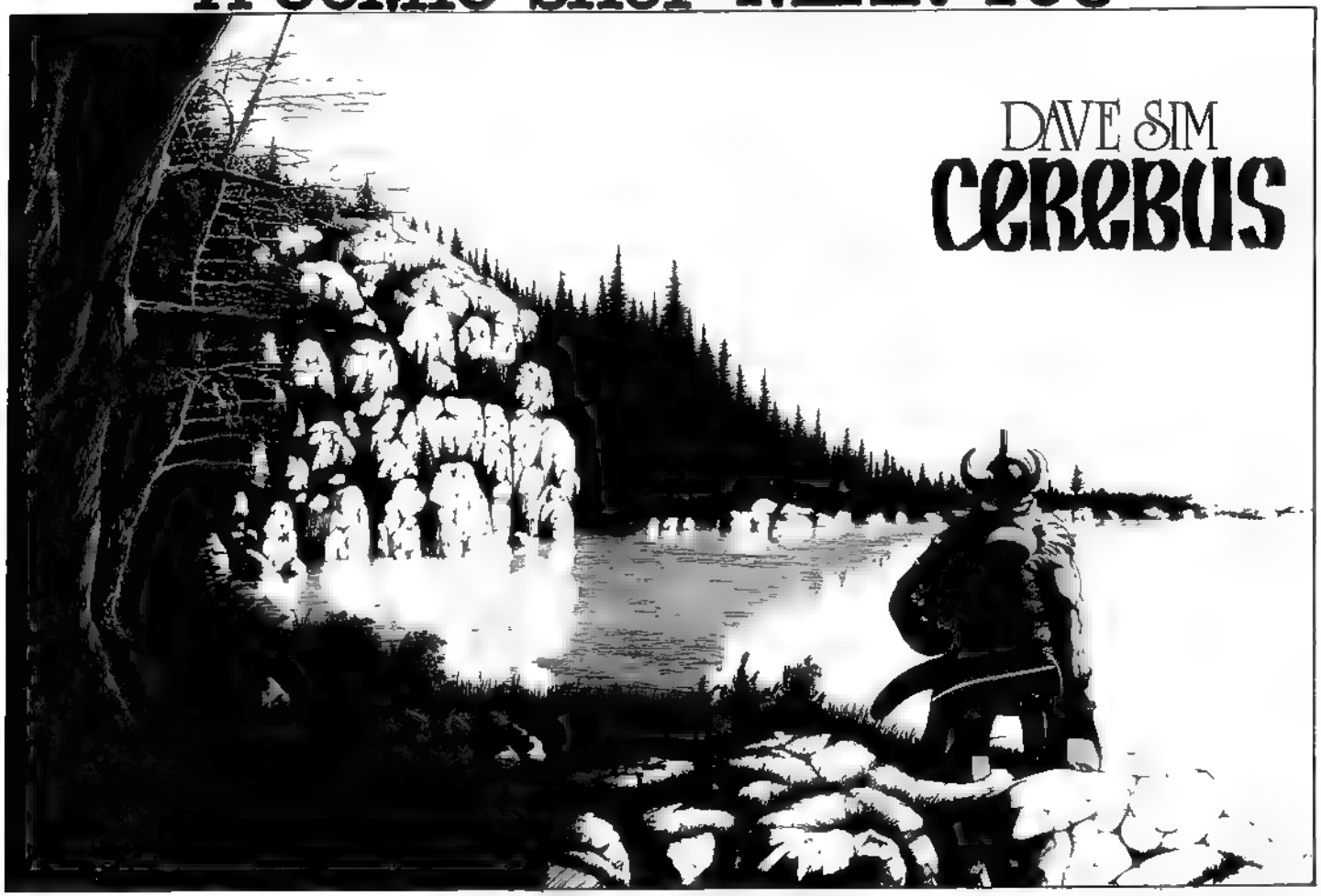

SO WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT ARNIE AND ERICA?
WHAT, YOU MEAN ABOUT THEM GETTING MARRIED?
NO, I MEAN ABOUT THEM FLYING TO MARS!
OH. WELL, I DIDN'T HEAR ABOUT THAT


HO HO HO
WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK? I'M ECSTATIC FOR THEM!
REALLY? I MEAN, IM HAPPY FOR THEM, TOO, BUT .I DONT KNOW YOU DON'T THINK IT'S, YOU KNOW, EARLY?
OH, COME ON, JOEY. ARNIE'S 23 NOW AND THEY'VE BEEN TOGETHER, WHAT, A YEAR?



This is a bit of early art from the *Daily Texan*'s special Exam Week issue, from May 1988. I really like this piece, even though the perspective in the big panel is pretty wack. It was inspired by both McCay's *Little Nemo* and a Mœbius story entitled *Absolute Centrifugal*. This is the only time this has been reprinted.

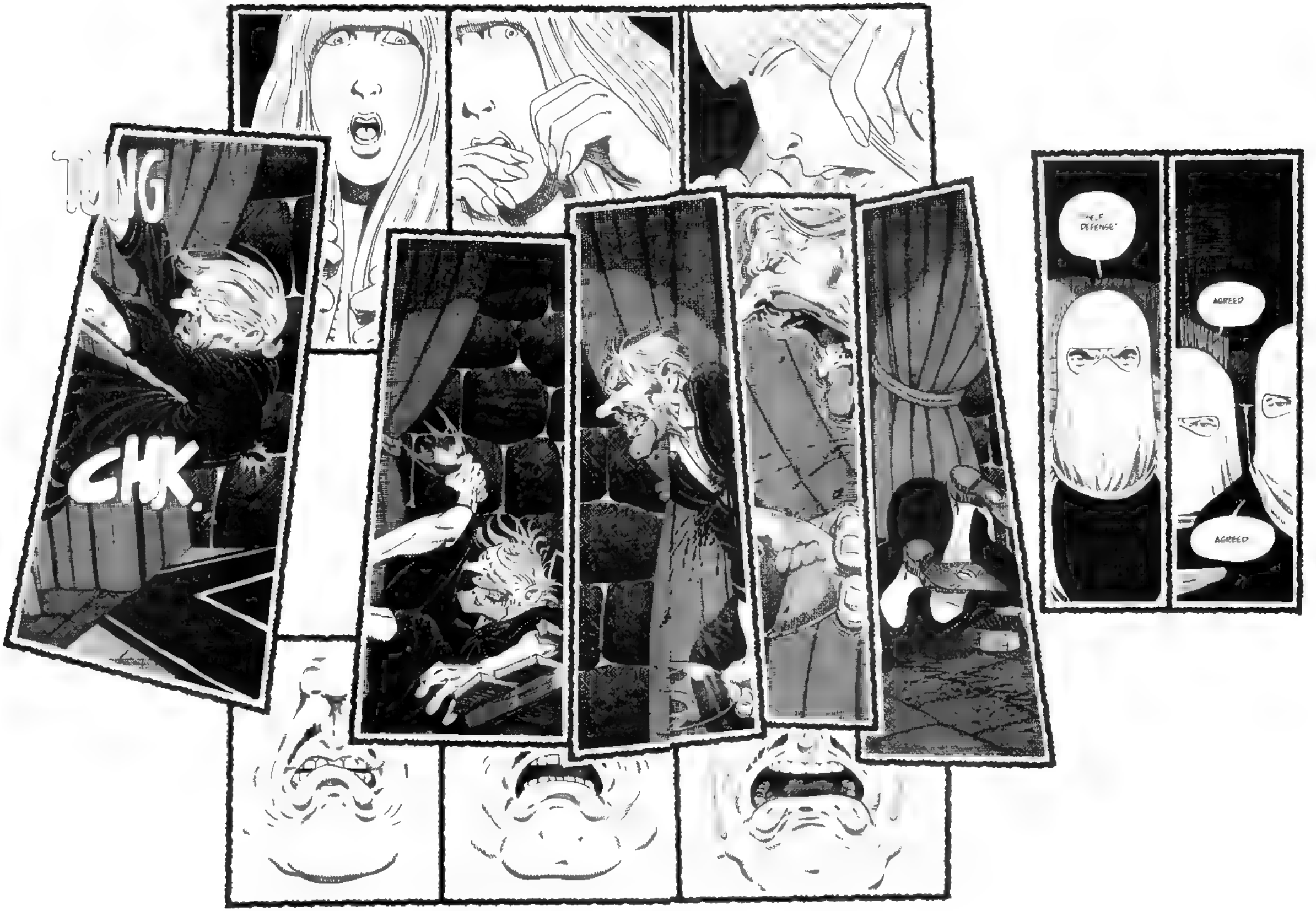
NOW AVAILABLE AT
A COMIC SHOP NEAR YOU



534 pages * reprinting CEREBUS 1-25 * soft-cover

'All art is quite useless.'

Oscar Wilde
preface
to "Picture of
Dorian Gray"


CHK
"S.F. DEFENSE"
AGREED
AGREED

"OWNER"

AGREED.

AGREED

"EXECUTION"

AGREED.

AGREED

TUN

4K

"DANCER"

AGREED.

AGREED.

"EXECUTION"...

MY NAME IS JAKA TAVERS--I'M LORD JULIUS' NIECE--I CLAIM DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY FOR MYSELF AND MY HUSBAND UNDER THE TERMS OF THE PALNU AND UPPER FELDA NEUTRALITY ACCORD...

"EXECUTION"

AGREED.

"QUESTIONING"

"EXECUTION"...

AGREED.

"QUESTIONING"

"EXECUTION"

"QUESTIONING"

Hepcats 1 introduced Joey and Gunther. In this opening scene, Joey, falling asleep in class, takes to fantasizing about the girl at the end of the row. How many letters did I get from people saying they related to this? Don't ask.

SO ADRIAN'S GOING HOME?

WELL, HELL, I GUESS IT WAS EASIER'N TRYING TO FIND A PLACE TO PARK.

MAN, YOU AIN'T KIDDING! LOOK AT THIS PLACE!—

FRENCH QUARTER

Bourbon

WOW! IS IT ALWAYS LIKE THIS?

I DOUBT IT. THIS IS MARDI GRAS. EVERY TOURIST IN THE WORLD MUST BE HERE!

HEY, AREN'T WE GOING TO STOP AND LOOK AT ANY OF THIS SHIT?

WHAT'S YOUR HURRY? WE GOT ALL NIGHT.

WELL, IF A CERTAIN PERSON WOULD SLOW THE FUCK DOWN!

FRENCH QUARTER

Cabaret

ERICA! I WAS BEGINNING TO WONDER IF YOU WERE GOING TO MAKE IT!

MR. WALLACE! GOD, IT'S SO GOOD TO BE BACK!

SOME OF THE GIRLS COULDN'T BELIEVE THEIR EARS WHEN THEY HEARD YOU WOULD BE BACK!

IS MADELIENE STILL HERE?

COME ON IN! LET ME FIND WHERE MADELINE WENT . . .

SO WHO ALL'S STILL HERE . . .

Hopeless 2 was set in New Orleans during Mardi Gras, and was another bit of autobiographicomix. This is the most intensely drawn page I've ever done in my life, I think. When I finished it I was so proud of myself I could've shat. I had some beers and passed out instead. (P.S.: I don't know why I ran this issue sideways.)